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HAPPY / ENDING









G. F. Watts, *pencil*

Hollier, *Photo.*

*Rower maul'd in the Sea, ah, Rower  
Limp as Grasses behind the Mower,  
Pity'd most that thy Woes deny thee  
Sight of the Spirit Steersman by thee!*

*Tho' more near than a hinted Haven  
Lie the Port that is coral-paven,  
All is well: the Unseen Befriending  
Makes of either the Happy Ending*

# HAPPY ENDING

*The Collected Lyrics of*

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

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(over)



TO  
ANNE WHITNEY



## PREFACE

THIS volume has been garnered from the author's earlier books. Two poems have been chosen from "The White Sail" (1887); nine Oxford Sonnets from a privately printed booklet (1895), since added to, and much altered; and many lyrics, under a revised form, from "A Roadside Harp" (1893), and "The Martyrs' Idyl" (1899), plus some twenty newer titles transferred, with grateful acknowledgments, from *McClure's Magazine*, *The Atlantic*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and *The Century*. The principle of exclusion goes far enough to cover all poems in narrative form, or of any appreciable length, or translated; also, any which seemed out of keeping with the character of the present collection. Such as that is, it comprises the less faulty half of all the author's published verse.

L. I. G.

BOSTON, October 21, 1909.





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HAPPY ENDING





## *The Kings*

A MAN said unto his Angel :

“ My spirits are fallen low,  
And I cannot carry this battle :  
O brother ! where might I go ?

“ The terrible Kings are on me  
With spears that are deadly bright ;  
Against me so from the cradle  
Do fate and my fathers fight.”

Then said to the man his Angel :

“ Thou wavering witless soul,  
Back to the ranks ! What matter  
To win or to lose the whole,

“ As judged by the little judges  
Who hearken not well, nor see ?  
Not thus, by the outer issue,  
The Wise shall interpret thee.

“ Thy will is the sovereign measure  
And only event of things :

The puniest heart, defying,  
Were stronger than all these Kings.

“Though out of the past they gather,  
Mind’s Doubt, and Bodily Pain,  
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit  
That is kin to the other twain,

“And Grief, in a cloud of banners,  
And ringletted Vain Desires,  
And Vice, with the spoils upon him  
Of thee and thy beaten sires, —

“While Kings of eternal evil  
Yet darken the hills about,  
Thy part is with broken sabre  
To rise on the last redoubt ;

“To fear not sensible failure,  
Nor covet the game at all,  
But fighting, fighting, fighting,  
Die, driven against the wall.”

## *The Squall*

WHILE all was glad,  
It seemed our birch-tree had,  
That August hour, intelligence of death;  
For warningly against the eaves she beat  
Her body old, lamenting, prophesying,  
And the hot breath  
Of ferny hollows nestled at her feet  
Spread out in startled sighing.

Across an argent sea,  
Distinct unto the farthest reef and isle,  
The clouds began to be.  
Huge forms 'neath sombre draperies, awhile  
Made slow uncertain rally;  
But as their ranks conjoined, and from the north  
The leader shook his lance, Oh, then how fair  
Unvested, they stood forth,  
In diverse armour, plumed majestically,  
Each with his own esquires, a King in air!

Up moved the dark vanguard,  
With insolent colours that o'erdarked the skies,

And trailed from beach to beach :  
Massed orange and mould-green ; vermillion  
    barred  
On bronze or mottled silver ; saffron dyes  
And purples migratory  
Fanned each in each,  
As the long column broke, athirst for glory.

Sudden, the thunder !  
Upon the roofed verandas how it rolled,  
Twice, thrice : a thud and flame of doom that  
    told  
New-fallen, nor far away,  
Some black destruction on the innocent day.  
And little Everard  
Deep in the hammock under, eyes alight  
With healthful fear and wonder  
The brave do ne'er unlearn,  
Clenched his soft hand, and breathing hard,  
Smiled there against his father, like a knight  
Baptized on Cressy field or Bannockburn.

A moment gone,  
Into our paradise from Acheron,  
6



With imperceptive sorcery crawled ashore  
Odours unnamable : an exhalation  
Of men and ships in oozy graves. (Ah, cease,  
Derisive nereids! cease :  
Be it enough, that even ye can pour,  
From crystal flagons of your ancient peace,  
So strange obscene libation.)  
But with the thunder-peal  
Sprang the pure winds, their thurible swung  
    wide,  
To chase that tainted tide ;  
Fresh from the pastures and the cedar-grove,  
They rode the copper ridges of the main,  
And bared a league of distance to reveal  
A sail, aslant, astrain,  
Impetuous for the cove ;  
And tossing after, panic-stricken,  
Another, and a third : white spirits, fain to  
    sicken,  
Nor out of natural harm salvation gain.

The selfsame hunter winds that drave  
The horror down, as faithful-hearted drew  
The sad clouds from their carnage, and up-piled

Their rebel gonfalons, or jocund threw  
Their cannon in the wave;  
And subtly, with a parting whisper, gave  
An eve most mild:  
A sunset like a prayer, a world all rose and blue:

A good world, as it was,  
And as it shall be: clear circumferent space,  
Where punctual yet, for worship of their  
Cause,

The stars came thick in choir.  
Sleep had our Everard in her cool embrace,  
Else from his cot he hardly need have stooped  
To see (and laugh to see!) the headland pine  
Embossed on changing fire:  
For close behind it, cooped  
Within a smallest span,  
In fury, to and fro and round and round,  
The routed leopards of the lightning ran:  
Bright, bright, inside their dungeon-bars, malign  
They ran; and ran till dawn, without a sound.

## *Open, Time*

OPEN, Time, and let him pass  
Shortly where his feet would be !  
Like a leaf at Michaelmas  
Swooning from the tree,

Ere its hour the manly mind  
Trembles in a sure decrease,  
Nor the body now can find  
Any hold on peace.

Take him, weak and overworn ;  
Fold about his dying dream  
Boyhood, and the April morn,  
And the rolling stream :

Weather on a sunny ridge,  
Showery weather, far from here ;  
Under some deep-ivied bridge,  
Water rushing clear :

Water quick to cross and part  
(Golden light on silver sound),

Weather that was next his heart  
All the world around!

Soon upon his vision break  
These, in their remembered blue;  
He shall toil no more, but wake  
Young, in air he knew.

He hath done with roofs and men.  
Open, Time, and let him pass,  
Vague and innocent again,  
Into country grass.

# *The Knight Errant*

*(Donatello's Saint George)*

SPIRITS of old that bore me,  
And set me, meek of mind,  
Between great dreams before me,  
And deeds as great behind,  
Knowing humanity my star  
As first abroad I ride,  
Shall help me wear with every scar  
Honour at eventide.

Let claws of lightning clutch me  
From summer's groaning cloud,  
Or ever malice touch me,  
And glory make me proud.  
Oh, give my youth, my faith, my sword,  
Choice of the heart's desire :  
A short life in the saddle, Lord !  
Not long life by the fire.

Forethought and recollection  
Rivet mine armour gay !



The passion for perfection  
Redeem my failing way!  
The arrows of the upper slope  
From sudden ambush cast,  
Rain quick and true, with one to ope  
My Paradise at last!

I fear no breathing bowman,  
But only, east and west,  
The awful other foeman  
Impowered in my breast.  
The outer fray in the sun shall be,  
The inner beneath the moon;  
And may Our Lady lend to me  
Sight of the Dragon soon!

## *To a Dog's Memory*

THE gusty morns are here,  
When all the reeds ride low with level spear ;  
And on such nights as lured us far of yore,  
Down rocky alleys yet, and through the pine,  
The Hound-star and the pagan Hunter shine:  
But I and thou, ah, field-fellow of mine,  
Together roam no more.

Soft showers go laden now  
With odours of the sappy orchard-bough,  
And brooks begin to brawl along the march ;  
Steams the late frost from hollow sedges high ;  
The finch is come, the flame-blue dragon-  
fly,  
The marsh-born marigold that children spy,  
The plume upon the larch.

There is a music fills  
The oaks of Belmont and the Wayland hills  
Southward to Dewing's little bubbly stream,—  
The heavenly weather's call! Oh, who alive  
Hastes not to start, delays not to arrive,

Having free feet that never felt a gyve  
Weigh, even in a dream?  
But thou, instead, hast found  
The sunless April uplands underground,  
And still, wherever thou art, I must be.  
My beautiful! arise in might and mirth,  
(For we were tameless travellers from our birth);  
Arise against thy narrow door of earth,  
And keep the watch for me.

## *Memorial Day*

O DAY of roses and regret,  
Kissing the old graves of our own!  
Not to the slain love's lovely debt  
Alone.

But jealous hearts that live and ache,  
Remember; and while drums are mute,  
Beneath your banners' bright outbreak,  
Salute:

And say for us to lessening ranks  
That keep the memory and the pride,  
On whose thinned hair our tears and thanks  
Abide,

Who from their saved Republic pass,  
Glad with the Prince of Peace to dwell:  
*Hail, dearest few! and soon, alas,  
Farewell.*

## *Romans in Dorset*

*A. D. MDCCCXCV*

A STUPOR on the heath,  
And wrath along the sky;  
Space everywhere; beneath  
A flat and treeless wold for us, and darkest  
noon on high.

Sullen quiet below,  
But storm in upper air!  
A wind from long ago,  
In mouldy chambers of the cloud had ripped  
an arras there,

And singed the triple gloom,  
And let through, in a flame, .  
Crowned faces of old Rome:  
Regnant o'er Rome's abandoned ground, pro-  
cessional they came.

Uprisen as any sun  
Through vistas hollow grey,  
Aloft, and one by one,



In brazen casques the Emperors loomed large,  
and sank away.

In ovals of wan light  
Each warrior eye and mouth :  
A pageant brutal bright  
As if once over loudly passed Jove's laughter  
in the south ;

And dimmer, these among,  
Some cameo'd head aloof,  
With ringlets heavy-hung,  
Like yellow stonecrop comely grown around a  
castle roof.

An instant: gusts again,  
Then heaven's impacted wall,  
The hot insistent rain,  
The thunder-shock ; and of the Past mirage  
no more at all,

No more the alien dream .  
Pursuing, as we went,  
With glory's cursèd gleam :  
Nor sin of Cæsar's ruined line engulfed us,  
innocent.

The vision great and dread  
Corroded; sole in view  
Was empty Egdon spread,  
Her crimson summer weeds ashake in tem-  
pest: but we knew

What Tacitus had borne  
In that wrecked world we saw;  
And what, thine heart uptorn,  
My Juvenal! distraught with love of violated  
Law.

## *Horologion*

THE frost may form apace,  
The roses pine away :  
Nomæa ! if I see thy face,  
Then is the summer day.

A word of thine, a breath,  
And lo ! my joy shall seem  
To peer far down where life and death  
Stir like a forded stream ;

Or else shall misery sound  
And travel in that hour  
All utmost things in their shut round,  
As a bee feels his flower.

Thought lags and cries Alas,  
Love ranges quick and free.  
Oh, figured clock and sanded glass,  
They mark no term for me.

And since I can but rue  
The calendar gone wrong,

And dials never telling true  
If dreams be short or long,

Dear, from these arts that fail  
To thee I will repair.  
Till the last eve dance down the gale  
With no star in her hair,

Be thou my solar chime,  
Be thou my wheel of night,  
Be thy bright heart, not ashen Time,  
My measure, law, and light.

## *His Angel to his Mother*

WHAT would you do for your fairest one,  
Wild as the wind and free as the sun,  
Born a fugitive, sure to slip  
Soon from secular ownership?  
Men in search of the heart's desire,  
Wearily trampling flood and fire,  
Rove betimes into some abyss  
Darker far than eternity's.

(Ah, the hazard! it awes one so!)

*And shall it be thus with the boy, or no?  
Sweet, if you love him, let him go.*

Happy the Frontier to have gained  
Undetaining and undetained,  
Quick and clean, like a solar ray  
Shot through spindrift across the bay!  
Men would follow a long vain quest,  
Feed on ashes and forfeit rest,  
Bleed with battle and flag with toil,  
Only to stifle in desert soil.

(Ah, the failure! it stings one so!)

*And shall it be thus with the boy, or no?  
Sweet, if you love him, let him go.*

Vats fill up, and the sheaves are in:  
Never a blessing is left to win  
Save for the myrtle coronal  
Round the urn at the end of all.  
Men will clutch, as they clutched of old,  
Souring honey or dimming gold,  
Not the treasure-trove of the land  
Here shut fast in a roseleaf hand.  
(Ah, the folly ! it irks one so !)

*And shall it be thus with the boy, or no?  
Sweet, if you love him, let him go.*



## *Autumn Magic*

Soon as divine September, flushing from sea  
to sea,

Peers from the whole wide upland into eternity,

Soft as an exhalation, ghosts of the thistle  
start :

Never a poet saw them but ached in his baffled  
heart.

Gossamer armies rising thicker than snow-  
flakes fall,

Waken in blood and marrow, aware of the  
unheard call.

Oh, what a nameless urging through avenues  
laid in air,

Hints of escape, unbodied, intricate, every-  
where,

Sense of a feared denial, or access hard to be  
won ;

Gleams of a dubious gesture for guesses to  
feed upon !

Flame goes flying in heaven, the down on the  
cool hillside :

Earth is a bride-veil glory to show and con-  
ceal the Bride.

## *Five Carols for Christmastide*

### I

THE Ox he openeth wide the Doore,  
And from the Snowe he calls her inne,  
And he hath seen her Smile therefor,  
Our Ladye without Sinne.  
Now soone from Sleep  
A Starre shall leap,  
And soone arrive both King and Hinde :

*Amen, Amen :*

But O, the Place co'd I but finde !

The Ox hath hush'd his voyce and bent  
Trewe eyes of Pitty ore the Mow,  
And on his lovelie Neck, forspent,  
The Blessed layes her Browe.  
Around her feet  
Full Warme and Sweete  
His bowerie Breath doth meeklie dwell :

*Amen, Amen :*

But sore am I with Vaine Travèl !

The Ox is host in Judah stall  
And Host of more than onelie one,

For close she gathereth withal  
Our Lorde her littel Sonne.  
Glad Hinde and King  
Their Gyfte may bring,  
But wo'd to-night my Teares were there,  
*Amen, Amen :*  
Between her Bosom and His hayre !

II

VINES branching stilly  
Shade the open door,  
In the house of Zion's Lily,  
Cleanly and poor.  
Oh, brighter than wild laurel  
The Babe bounds in her hand,  
The King, who for apparel  
Hath but a swaddling-band,  
And sees her heavenlier smiling than stars in  
His command !

Soon, mystic changes  
Part Him from her breast,  
Yet there awhile He ranges  
Gardens of rest :

Yea, she the first to ponder  
Our ransom and recall,  
Awhile may rock Him under  
Her young curls' fall,  
Against that only sinless love-loyal heart of all.

What shall inure Him  
Unto the deadly dream,  
When the Tetrarch shall abjure Him,  
The thief blaspheme,  
And scribe and soldier jostle  
About the shameful tree,  
And even an Apostle  
Demand to touch and see?—  
But she hath kissed her Flower where the  
Wounds are to be.

### III

THREE without slumber ride from afar,  
Fain of the roads where palaces are ;  
All by a shed as they ride in a row,  
“Here !” is the cry of their vanishing Star.

First doth a greybeard, glittering fine,  
Look on Messiah in slant moonshine :  
“*This have I bought for Thee!*” Vainly : for lo,  
Shut like a fern is the young hand divine.

Next doth a magian, mantled and tall,  
Bow to the Ruler that reigns from a stall :  
“*This have I sought for Thee!*” Though it  
be rare,  
Loath little fingers are letting it fall.

Last doth a stripling, bare in his pride,  
Kneel by the Lover as if to abide :  
“*This have I wrought for Thee!*” Answer him  
there  
Laugh of a Child, and His arms opened wide.

#### IV

WAS a Soule from farre away  
Stood wistful in the Hay,  
And of the Babe a-sleeping hadde a sight :  
Neither reck'd hee any more  
Men behind him and before,  
Nor a thousand busie Winges, flitting light :  
28



But in middle of the night  
This few-worded wight  
    (*Yule! Yule!*)  
Bespake Our Ladye bright:

“ Fill mee, ere my corage faints,  
With the lore of all the Saints :  
Harte to harte against my Brother let mee be.  
By the Fountaines that are His  
I wo’d slumber where Hee is :  
Prithee, Mother, give the other Brest to mee ! ”  
The Soule that none co’d see  
She hath taken on her knee :  
    (*Yule! Yule!*)  
Sing prayse to Our Ladye.

v

*The Ox and the Ass,  
Tell aloud of them :  
Sing their pleasure as it was  
In Bethlehem.*

STILL as blowing rose, sudden as a sword,  
Maidenly the Maiden bare Jesu Christ the  
    Lord ;

Yet for very lowlihood, such a Guest to greet,  
Goeth in a little swoon while kissing of His  
feet.

Mary, drifted snow on the earthen floor,  
Joseph, fallen wondrous weak now he would  
adore, —

(Oh, the surging might of love! Oh, the drown-  
ing bliss !)

Both are rapt to Heaven and lose their human  
Heaven that is.

From the Newly Born trails a lonely cry.  
With a mind to heed, the Ox turns a glowing  
eye ;

In the empty byre the Ass thinks her heart to  
blame :

Up for comforting of God the beasts of bur-  
den came,

Softly to inquire, thrusting as for cheer  
There between the tender hands, furry faces  
dear.

Blessing on the honest coats ! tawny coat and  
grey  
Friended Our Delight so well when warmth  
had strayed away.

Crooks are on the sill ; sceptres sail the wave ;  
All the hopes of all the years are thronging  
to the Cave.

Mother slept not long, nor long Father's sense  
was dim,  
But another twain the while stood parent-wise  
to Him.

*The Ox and the Ass,  
Be you glad for them  
Such a moment came to pass  
In Bethlehem !*

## *On Leaving Winchester*

WINTON, my window with a mossy marge,  
My lofty oriel, whence the soul hath sight  
Of passionate yesterdays, all gold and large,  
Arisen to enrich our narrow night:  
Though others bless thee, who so blest before  
Hath pastured from the violent time apart,  
And laved in supersensual light the heart  
Alone with thy magnificent No More?

Sweet court of roses now, sweet camp of bees!  
The hills that lean to thy white bed at dawn  
Hear, for the clash of raging dynasties,  
Laughter of boys about a branchy lawn.  
Hast thou a stain, let ivy cover all;  
Nor seem of greatness disinhabited  
While spirits in their wonted splendour tread  
From close to close, by Wolvesey's idle wall.

Bright fins against thy lucid waters leap,  
And nigh thy towers the nesting ring-doves  
    dwell;

Be lenient winter, and long moons, and sleep  
Upon thee ; but on me the sharp Farewell.  
Happy art thou, O clad and crowned with rest !  
Happy the shepherd (would that I were he!)  
Whose early way is step for step with thee,  
Whose old brow fades on thine immortal breast.

## *Cobwebs*

WHO would not praise thee, miracle of Frost?  
Some gesture overnight, some breath benign,  
And lo ! the tree 's a fountain all a-shine,  
The hedge a throne of unimagined cost ;  
In wheel and fan along a wall embossed,  
The spider's humble handiwork shows fine  
With jewels girdling every airy line :  
Though the small mason in the cold be lost.

Web after web, a morning snare of bliss  
Starring with beauty the whole neighbourhood,  
May well beget an envy clean and good.  
When man goes too into the earth-abyss,  
And God in His altered garden walks, I would  
My secret woof might gleam so fair as this.



## *Astræa*

SINCE I avail no more, O men! with you,  
I will go back unto the gods content ;  
For they recall me, long with earth inblent,  
Lest lack of faith divinity undo.  
I served you truly while I dreamed you true,  
And golden pains with sovereign pleasure spent:  
But now, farewell! I take my sad ascent,  
With failure over all I nursed and knew.

Are ye unwise, who would not let me love you ?  
Or must too bold desires be quieted ?  
Only to ease you, never to reprove you,  
I will go back to heaven with heart unfed :  
Yet sisterly I turn, I bend above you,  
To kiss (ah, with what sorrow!) all my dead.

## *The Yew-Tree*

As I came homeward  
At merry Christmas,  
By the old Church tower  
Through the Churchyard grass,

And saw there circled  
With graves all about,  
The Yew-tree paternal,  
The Yew-tree devout,

Then this hot life-blood  
Was hard to endure,  
O Death ! so I loved thee,  
The sole love sure.

For stars slip in heaven,  
They wander, they break ;  
But under the Yew-tree  
Not one heartache.

And ours, what failure  
Renewed and avowed !

But ah, the long-buried  
Is leal, and is proud.

\* \* \* \* \*

At eve, o'erlooking  
The smooth chilly tide,  
With age-hidden meaning  
The Yew-tree sighed,

By the square grey tower,  
In the short grey grass,  
As I came homeward  
At merry Christmas.

# Ten Colloquies

## I. THE SEARCH

“WHY dost thou hide from these  
Out'along the hills halloaing?  
Why hast forbade  
Thy face, O goddess! to thy votaries?”

*“Unasking and unknowing  
Is he whom I make glad,  
Like Dian grandly going  
To the sleeping shepherd-lad.  
Men that pursue learn not  
To follow is my lot.”*

“Happiness, secret one,  
Heartbeat of the April weather,  
Where art thou found?  
Tell; lest I err too, yonder in the sun.”

*“Call in thine eye from ether,  
Thy feet from far ground;  
Seek Honour in this beather,  
With austere purples wound.*

*Serve her: she will reveal  
Me, bound-like at thy beel."*

## II. FACT AND THE MYSTIC

"GOOD-MORROW, Symbol."—" *Call me not  
The name I neither love nor merit."*

—"That grave eternal name inherit,  
Thine ever, though all men forgot."

"*Mistake me not; secure and free  
From rock to rock my falchion passes:  
But Symbols trail through grey morasses  
The tattered shows of faëry."*

"My Symbol thou, of phantom blood,  
With starlight from thy temples raying;  
Along thy floated body playing  
Are withering wings, and wings in bud."

"*Alas, thine eye with clay is sealed."*  
—"Symbol, before the clay's denial,  
While yet I had a god's espial,  
I saw thee in a solar field!"

“*Nay : I am Fact.*”—“Then lose thy praise ;  
And lest to-day no song behoove thee,  
Lest mine impeach thee, or reprove thee,  
Ah, Symbol, Symbol! go thy ways.”

### III. THE POET'S CHART

“WHERE shall I find my light?”

*“Turn from another's track :  
Whether for gain or lack,  
Love but thy natal right.  
Cease to follow withal,  
Though on thine up-led feet  
Flakes of the phosphor fall.  
Oracles overheard  
Are never again for thee,  
Nor at a magian's knee  
Under the hemlock tree,  
Burns the illumining word.”*

“Whence shall I take my law?”

*“Neither from sires nor sons,  
Nor the delivered ones,*

*Holy, invoked with awe.  
Rather, dredge the divine  
Out of thine own poor dust,  
Feebly to speak and shine.  
Schools shall be as they are :  
Be thou truer, and stray  
Alone, intent, and away,  
In a savage wild to obey  
Some dim primordial star."*

#### IV. OF THE GOLDEN AGE

"RECALL for me, recall  
The time more true and ample ;  
The world whereon I trample,  
How tortuous and small !  
Behold, I tire of all.

"Once, gods in jewelled mail  
Through greenwood ways invited ;  
There now the moon is blighted,  
And mosses long and pale  
On lifeless cedars trail."



*"Child, keep this good unrest :  
But give to thine own story  
Simplicity with glory ;  
To greatness dispossessed,  
Dominion of thy breast.*

*"In abstinence, in pride,  
Thou, who from Folly's boldest  
Thy sacred eye withholdest,  
Another morn shalt ride  
At Agamemnon's side."*

#### V. ON TIME'S THRESHOLD

*"See : brood : remember : this thy function only ;  
Neither to have nor do is meet for thee."  
"Ah, earth's a palace where I must go lonely !"  
"Nay : earth's a dungeon which thou passest,  
free."*

#### VI. WOOD-PIGEONS

*"I CANNOT soar beside, but must for ever suffer  
Blue air athrill with thee to lap against my  
breast,*

And dream it is thy wing."

— "Dear, sighs about thee hover :  
*Among the dewy leaves my longing is thy guest.  
Yet, lone and far apart, shall we no joy discover  
To travel the same sky, and by one sea to rest ?  
Say, mate in all this world ?*"

— "Ah, mute forbidden lover,  
Ah, song I shall not hear !"

— "*Ah, sweet unbuilt nest !*"

#### VII. PREDICAMENTS

"If the gods ruin send?"—

"*Make that thy bride and friend.*"

"If the gods cheat?"— "*They say  
The one true word alway.*"

"If for some loss I pine?"

"—*The past is theirs, yet thine.*"

"If I sue not?"— "*Vain cares !  
The morrow's thine, not theirs.*"

VIII. THE CO-ETERNAL

*"Is it thou, silly heart,  
Not prone on thy pallet, but grieving apart?"*  
—"Natal Star, even so."  
*"I miss thee to-night, while thou smoulderest  
low."*  
—"Live in beauty! but I  
For bloodshed of spirit, here dwindle and  
die."

*"Are we two not the same,  
By law everlasting one mystical flame?  
Aloft if I burn,  
Every ray of my light be thy stair of return:  
Up, up! to our lot  
Where warfare and time and the body are not."*

IX. STERN APHRODITE

"IOLE is coy with me,  
Goddess! for a month I suffer  
Knowing not how far I be:  
Teach me softer arts, or rougher,  
Well to sail that sea."

*“ Fie : how long could Love divine  
Venturing, abstain from answer,  
Nor look landward for a sign !  
Niggard, take of thine entrancer  
Shipwreck in the brine.”*

#### X. THE JUBILEE

*“ Master of your wounded heart, regent of your  
pleasure !  
We that long defied your art, tamèd Moods at  
leisure,  
All with you, nor now apart, would tread out  
our measure.”*

*“ Welcome, equal powers benign, quit of an-  
cient madness !  
Dance with me beneath the vine, not un-  
gentle Sadness ;  
Link your little hand in mine soberly, my  
Gladness.”*

## *Winter Boughs*

How tender and how slow, in sunset cheer,  
Far on the hill, our quiet treetops fade !  
A broidery of ebon seaweed, laid  
Long in a book, were scarce more fine and  
clear.

Frost and sad light and windless atmosphere  
Have breathed on them, and of their frailties  
made

Beauty more sweet than summer's builded  
shade,

Whose green domes fallen, leave this wonder  
here.

O ye forgetting and outliving boughs,  
With not a plume, gay in the joust before,  
Left for the Archer ! so, in evening's eye,  
So stilled, so lifted, let your lover die,  
Set in the upper calm no voices rouse,  
Stript, meek, withdrawn, against the heavenly  
door.

*W. H.*

*A.D. MDCCLXXVIII—MDCCCXXX*

BETWEEN the wet trees and the sorry steeple,  
Keep, Time, in dark Soho, what once was  
    Hazlitt,  
Seeker of Truth, and finder oft of Beauty ;

Beauty's a sinking light, ah, none too faithful ;  
But Truth, who leaves so here her spent pur-  
    suer,  
Forgets not her great pawn : herself shall claim  
    it.

Therefore sleep safe, thou dear and battling  
    spirit,  
Safe also on our earth, begetting ever  
Some one love worth the ages and the nations!

Falleth no thing that was to thee eternal.  
Sleep safe in dark Soho : the stars are shining,  
Titian and Wordsworth live ; the People  
    marches.

## *The Vigil-at-Arms*

KEEP holy watch with silence, prayer, and fasting  
Till morning break, and every bugle play ;  
Unto the One aware from everlasting  
Dear are the winners: thou art more than they.

Forth from this peace on manhood's way thou  
    goest,  
Flushed with resolve, and radiant in mail ;  
Blessing supreme for men unborn thou sowest,  
O knight elect ! O soul ordained to fail !



## *A Friend's Song for Simoisius*

THE breath of dew and twilight's grace  
Be on the lonely battle-place,  
And to so young, so kind a face,  
The long protecting grasses cling !  
(Alas, alas,  
That one inexorable thing !)

In rocky hollows cool and deep,  
The honey-bees unrifled sleep ;  
The early moon from Ida steep  
Comes to the empty wrestling-ring ;

Upon the widowed wind recede  
No echoes of the shepherd's reed ;  
And children without laughter lead  
The war-horse to the watering ;

With footstep separate and slow  
The father and the mother go,  
Not now upon an urn they know  
To mingle tears for comforting.

Thou stranger Ajax Telamon !  
What to the lovely hast thou done,  
That nevermore a maid may run  
With him across the flowery Spring?

The world to me has nothing dear  
Beyond the namesake river here :  
Oh, Simois is wild and clear !  
And to his brink my heart I bring ;

My heart, if only this might be,  
Would stay his waters from the sea,  
To cover Troy, to cover me,  
To haste the hour of perishing.  
(Alas, alas,  
That one inexorable thing!)

## *To an Ideal*

THAT I have tracked you from afar, my  
crown I call it and my height:  
All hail, O dear and difficult star! All hail,  
O heart of light!  
No pleasure born of time for me,  
Who in you touch eternity.  
If I have found you where you are, I win my  
mortal fight.

You flee the plain: I therefore choose summit  
and solitude for mine,  
The high air where I cannot lose our com-  
radeship divine.  
More lovely here, to wakened blood,  
Sparse leaf and hesitating bud,  
Than rosaries in the dewy vales for which the  
dryads pine.

Spirit austere! lend aid: I walk along in-  
clement ridges too,  
Disowning toys of sense, to baulk my soul of  
ends untrue.

Because man's cry, by night and day,  
Cried not for God, I broke away.  
On, at your ruthless pace ! I'll stalk, a hill-  
top ghost, with you.

## *In a Ruin, after a Thunder Storm*

KEEP of the Norman, old to flood and cloud !  
Thou dost reproach me with thy sunset look,  
That in our common menace I forsook  
Hope, the last fear, and stood impartial proud :  
Almost, almost, while ether spake aloud,  
Death from the smoking stones my spirit  
shook  
Into thy hollow as leaves into a brook,  
No more than they by heaven's assassins  
cowed.

But now thy thousand-scarred steep is flecked  
With the calm kisses of the light delayed,  
Breathe on me better valour : to subject  
My soul to greed of life, and grow afraid  
Lest ere her fight's full term, the Architect  
See downfall of the stronghold that He made.

## *Beati Mortui*

BLESSED the Dead in Spirit, our brave dead  
Not passed, but perfected :  
Who tower up to mystical full bloom  
From self, as from a known alchemic tomb ;  
Who out of wrong  
Run forth with laughter and a broken thong ;  
Who win from pain their strange and flawless  
grant  
Of peace anticipant ;  
Who cerements lately wore of sin, but now,  
Unbound from foot to brow,  
Gleam in and out of cities, beautiful  
As sun-born colours of a forest pool  
Where Autumn sees  
The splash of walnuts from her thinning  
trees.

Though wondered-at of some, yea, feared al-  
most  
As any chantry ghost,  
How sight of these, in hermitage or mart,  
Makes glad a wistful heart !

For life's apologetics read most true  
In spirits risen anew,  
Like larks in air  
To whom flat earth is all a heavenward stair,  
And who from yonder parapet  
Scorn every mortal fret,  
And rain their sweet bewildering staves  
Upon our furrow of fresh-delvèd graves.

If thus to have trod and left the wormy way  
Makes men so wondrous gay,  
So stripped and free and potently alive,  
Who would not his infirmity survive,  
And bathe in victory, and come to be  
As blithe as ye,  
Saints of the ended wars? Ah, greeting give;  
Turn not away, too fugitive:  
But hastening towards us, hallow the foul  
street,  
And sit with us at meat,  
And of your courtesy, on us unwise  
Fix oft those purer eyes,  
Till in ourselves who love them dwell  
The same sure light ineffable:



Till they who walk with us in after years  
Forgetting time and tears  
(As we with you), shall sing all day instead :  
“ How blessed are the Dead ! ”

# *Two Irish Peasant Songs*

## I. IN LEINSTER

I TRY to knead and spin, but my life is low  
the while.

Oh, I long to be alone, and walk abroad a mile ;  
Yet if I walk alone, and think of naught at all,  
Why from me that 's young should the wild  
tears fall?

The shower-sodden earth, the earth-coloured  
streams,

They breathe on me awake, and moan to me  
in dreams,

And yonder ivy fondling the broke castle-wall,  
It pulls upon my heart till the wild tears fall.

The cabin-door looks down a furze-lighted hill,  
And far as Leighlin Cross the fields are green  
and still ;

But once I hear the blackbird in Leighlin  
hedges call,

The foolishness is on me, and the wild tears  
fall !

## II. IN ULSTER

'T is the time o' the year, if the quicken-bough  
    be staunch,  
The green like a breaker rolls steady up the  
    branch,  
And surges in the spaces, and floods the trunk,  
    and heaves  
In jets of angry spray that is the under-white  
    of leaves;  
And from the thorn in companies the foamy  
    petals fall,  
And waves of jolly ivy wink along a windy  
    wall.

'T is the time o' the year the marsh is full of  
    sound,  
And good and glorious it is to smell the living  
    ground.  
The crimson-headed catkin shakes above the  
    pasture-bars,  
The daisy takes the middle field and spangles  
    it with stars,

And down the hedgerow to the lane the prim-  
roses do crowd,  
All coloured like the twilight moon, and  
spreading like a cloud !

'T is the time o' the year, in early light and  
glad,  
The lark has a music to drive a lover mad ;  
The rocks are dripping nightly, the breathèd  
damps arise,  
Deliciously the freshets cool the grayling's  
golden eyes,  
And lying in a row against the chilly north,  
the sheep  
Inclose a place without a wind for tender lambs  
to sleep.

'T is the time o' the year I turn upon the  
height  
To watch from my harrow the dance of going  
light ;  
And if before the sun be hid, come slowly up  
the vale

Honora with her dimpled throat, Honora with  
her pail,  
Hey, but there's many a March for me, and  
many and many a lass! —  
I fall to work and song again, and let Honora  
pass.

## *The Japanese Anemone*

ALL summer the breath of the roses around  
Exhales with a delicate passionate sound ;  
And when from a trellis, in holiday places,  
They croon and cajole, with their slumberous  
    faces,  
A lad in the lane must slacken his paces.

Fragrance of these is a voice from a bower :  
But low by the wall is my odourless flower,  
So pure, so controlled, not a fume is above  
    her,  
That poet or bee should delay there and  
    hover ;  
For she is a silence, and therefore I love her.

And never a mortal by morn or midnight  
Is called to her hid little house of delight ;  
And she keeps from the wind, on his pillages  
    olden,  
Upon a true stalk in rough weather upholden,  
Her winter-white gourd with the hollow moon-  
    golden.

While ardours of roses contend and increase,  
Methinks she has found how noble is peace,  
Like a spirit besought from the world to dis-  
sever,  
Not absent to men, though resumed by the  
Giver,  
And dead long ago, being lovely for ever.



## *Orisons*

ORANGE and olive and glossed bay-tree,  
And air of the evening out at sea,  
And out at sea on the steep warm stone,  
A little bare diver poising alone.

Flushed from the cool of Sicilian waves,  
Flushed as the coral in clean sea-caves,  
“ I am!” he cries to his glorying heart,  
And unto he knows not what: “ THOU art!”

He leaps, he shines, he sinks and is gone :  
He will climb to the golden ledge anon.  
Perfecter rite can none employ,  
When the god of the isle is good to a boy.

## *The Inner Fate : a Chorus*

Not weak with eld  
The stars beheld  
Proud Persia coming to her doom ;  
Not battle-broke, nor tempest-tossed,  
The long luxurious galleys lost  
Their souls at Actium.

Not outer arts  
Of hostile hearts  
Seduced the arm of France to be  
The wreckage of his wars at last,  
The orphan of the kingdoms, cast  
Upon the mothering sea.'

Man evermore doth work his will,  
And evermore the gods are still,  
Applauding him alone who stands  
Too just for Heaven-accusing groans,  
But in his house of havoc owns  
The doing of his hands :  
Transgressor, yet divinely taught  
To suffer all, blaspheming naught,

When fair-begun must foul conclude:  
Himself progenitor of death  
Who breeds, within, the only breath  
Can kill beatitude.

## *The Acknowledgment*

SINCE first I knew it our divine employ  
To beat beyond the reach of soiling care,  
As at Philippi, well of doom aware,  
The Prætor called and heard the singing-boy;  
Since first my soul so jealous was of joy,  
That any facile linden-bloom in air,  
Or fall of water on a wildwood stair,  
Annulled for her all dragging dull annoy;  
Though word of thanks I lacked, though,  
                    dumb, I smiled

Long, long, at such august amends up-piled,  
Let this the debt redeem: that when Ye drop  
Death's aloe-leaf within my honeyed cup,  
On thoughtful knee your much-beholden child,  
Immortals! unto You will drink it up.

## *By the Trundle-bed*

Lost love, be never beyond Love's calling!  
For this I claim of you, strong heart, sweet  
As fontal water in Arden falling,  
As first-mown hay in the April heat:

To tend from heaven, to rear, to harden,  
And bring to bloom in the outer cold,  
Our daffodil bud of a walled-in garden,  
Our son that is like you, and six years old;

And lest his worth be the worth unreal,  
To ward him not from the mortal blast,  
But suffer your own, through a long ordeal,  
Verily like you to be at the last,

And hear men murmur, if so he merit  
In your old place with your look to arise:  
"The sign of a saved soul who can inherit?—  
You have earned, O King! those beautiful  
eyes."

## *Arboricide*

A WORD of grief to me erewhile :  
*We have cut the oak down, in our isle.*

And 'I said : "Ye have bereaven  
The song-thrush and the bee,  
And the fisher-boy at sea  
Of his sea-mark in the even ;  
And gourds of cooling shade, to lie  
Within the sickle's sound ;  
And the old sheep-dog's loyal eye  
Of sleep on duty's ground ;  
And poets of their tent  
And quiet tenement.  
Ah, impious ! who so paid  
Such fatherhood, and made  
Of murmurous immortality a cargo and a  
trade."

For the hewn oak a century fair,  
A wound in earth, an ache in air.

And I said : "No pillared height  
With a summer daïs over,

Where a dryad fled her lover  
Through the long arcade of light;  
Nor 'neath Arcturus rolleth more,  
Since the loud leaves are gone,  
Between the shorn cliff and the shore,  
Pan's organ antiphon.  
Some nameless envy fed  
This blow at grandeur's head:  
Some breathed reproach, o'erdue,  
Degenerate men, ye drew!  
Hence, for his too plain heavenliness, our  
Socrates ye slew."



## *The Cherry Bough*

IN a new poet's and a new friend's honour,  
Forth from the scornèd town and her gold-  
getting,  
Come men with lutes and bowls, and find a  
welcome  
Here in my garden,

Find bowers and deep shade and windy grasses,  
And by the south wall, wet and forward-jut-  
ting,  
One early branch fire-tipped with Roman  
cherries.  
Oh, naught is absent,

Oh, naught but you, kind head that far in  
prison  
Sunk on a weary arm, feels no god's pity  
Stroking and sighing where the kingly laurels  
Were once so plenty ;

Nor dreams, from revel and strange faces  
turning,

How on the strength of my fair tree that knew  
you

I lean to-day, when most my heart is laden  
With your rich verses !

Since, long ago, in other gentler weather,  
Ere wrath and exile were, you lay beneath it  
(Your symbol then, your innocent wild brother  
Glad with your gladness),

What has befallen in the world of wonder,  
That still it puts forth bubbles of sweet colour,  
And you, and you that fed our eyes with  
beauty,  
Are sapped and rotten ?

Alas ! When my young guests have done with  
singing,  
I break it, leaf and fruit, my garden's glory,  
And hold it high among them, and say after :  
“ O my poor Ovid,

“ Years pass, and loves pass too ; and yet  
remember

For the clear time when we were boys together,  
These tears at home are shed; and with you  
also  
Your bough is dying.”

## *The Wild Ride*

I HEAR in my heart, I hear in its ominous  
pulses

All day, on the road, the hoofs of invisible  
horses,

All night, from their stalls, the importunate  
pawing and neighing.

Let cowards and laggards fall back! but alert  
to the saddle

Weather-worn and abreast, go men of our gal-  
loping legion,

With a stirrup-cup each to the lily of women  
that loves him.

The trail is through dolour and dread, over  
crag and morasses;

There are shapes by the way, there are things  
that appal or entice us:

What odds? We are Knights of the Grail, we  
are vowed to the riding.

Thought's self is a vanishing wing, and joy is  
a cobweb,

And friendship a flower in the dust, and glory  
a sunbeam :

Not here is our prize, nor, alas ! after these  
our pursuing.

A dipping of plumes, a tear, a shake of the  
bridle,

A passing salute to this world and her pitiful  
beauty :

We hurry with never a word in the track of our  
fathers.

(I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses  
All day, on the road, the hoofs of invisible  
horses,

All night, from their stalls, the importunate  
pawing and neighing.)

We spur to a land of no name, out-racing the  
storm-wind ;

We leap to the infinite dark like sparks from  
the anvil.

Thou leadest, O God ! All 's well with Thy  
troopers that follow.

## *Bedesfolk*

Who is good enough to be  
Near the never-stained sea?

Ah, not I,  
Who thereby  
Only sigh:  
*Pray for me.*

Standing underneath some free  
Innocent magnanimous tree,  
To be true,  
There anew  
Must I sue:  
*Pray for me.*

Ere I pass on hilly lea  
Fellow-lives of glad degree,  
Without shame,  
Name by name  
These I claim:  
*Pray for me.*

Fail not, then, thou kingly sea!  
Aid the needy, sister tree!

March herds,  
Ye have words!  
April birds,  
*Pray for me!*

## *In a City Street*

THOUGH sea and mount have beauty and this  
but what it can,  
Thrice fairer than their life the life here bat-  
tling in the van,  
The tragic gleam, the mist and grime,  
The dread endearing stain of time,  
The sullied heart of man.

Mine is the clotted sunshine, a bubble in the  
sky,  
That where it dare not enter steals in shrouded  
passion by;  
And mine the saffron river-sails,  
And every plane-tree that avails  
To rest an urban eye;

The bells, the dripping gable, the tavern's  
corner glare;  
The cab in firefly darting; the barrel-organ  
air,  
While one by one, or two by two  
The hatless babes are waltzing through  
The gutters of the Square.



Not on Thessalian headlands of song and old  
desire

My spirit chose her pleasure-house, but in the  
London mire :

Long, long alone she loves to pace,  
And find a music in this place  
As in a minster choir.

O names of awe and rapture ! O deeds of leg-  
endry !

Still is it most of joy within your altered pale  
to be,

Whose very ills I fain would slake  
Mine angels are, and help to make  
In Hell a Heaven for me.

## *Florentin*

*A. D. MDCCCXC*

HEART all full of heavenward haste, too like  
the bubble bright  
On wild little waters floating half of an April  
night,  
Fled from the ear in music, fled from the eye  
in light,

Dear and stainless heart of a boy ! No sweeter  
thing can be  
Drawn to the quiet centre of God who is our  
sea :  
Whither, through troubled valleys, we also  
follow thee.

## *A Song of the Lilac*

ABOVE the wall that's broken,  
And from the coppice thinned,  
So sacred and so sweet  
The lilac in the wind !  
For when by night the May wind blows  
The lilac-blooms apart,  
The memory of his first love  
Is shaken on his heart.

In tears it long was buried,  
And trances wrapt it round ;  
Oh, how they wake it now,  
The fragrance and the sound !  
For when by night the May wind blows  
The lilac-blooms apart,  
The memory of his first love  
Is shaken on his heart.

## *Monochrome*

SHUT fast again in Beauty's sheath  
Where ancient forms renew,  
The round world seems above, beneath,  
One wash of faintest blue,

And air and tide so stilly sweet  
In nameless union lie,  
The little far-off fishing fleet  
Goes drifting up the sky.

Secure of neither misted coast  
Nor ocean undefined,  
Our flagging sail is like the ghost  
Of one that served mankind,

Who in the void, as we upon  
This melancholy sea,  
Finds labour and allegiance done,  
And Self begin to be.

*Saint Francis Endeth his Ser-  
mon*

“AND now, my clerks who go in fur or feather  
Or brighter scales, I bless you all. Be true  
To your true Lover and Avenger, whether  
By land or sea ye die the death undue.  
Then proffer man your pardon ; and together  
Track him to Heaven, and see his heart made  
new.

“From long ago one hope hath in me thriven,  
Your hope, mysterious as the scented May :  
Not to Himself your titles God hath given  
In vain, nor only for our mortal day.  
O doves ! how from The Dove shall ye be  
driven ?  
O darling lambs ! ye with The Lamb shall  
play.”

## *An Estray*

WELL we know, not ever here is a footing for  
thy dream:

Thou art sick for horse and spear beside an  
Asian stream,

For the hearth-smoke in the wild, for the goat-  
herd's stave,

For a beauty far exiled, a belief within its grave.

While another sky and ground orb thy strange  
remembering,

And no world of mortal bound is the master  
of thy wing,

Canst thou yet thy fate forgive, that the god-  
head in thy breast

Has this life at least to live as a force in  
rhythmic rest,

As a seed that bides the hour of obscureness  
and decay,

Being troth of flower to flower down the long  
dynastic day?

Child whom elder airs enfold, who hast greatness to maintain  
Where heroic hap of old may return and shine again,

As too oft across thy heart flits the too familiar light,  
How alarms of love upstart at the token quick and slight!

Lest captivity be o'er, lest thou glide away, and so  
From our tents of Nevermore strike the trail of Long Ago.

## *Friendship Broken*

### I

WE chose the faint chill morning, friend and  
friend,  
Pacing the twilight out beneath an oak,  
Soul calling soul to judgment ; and we spoke  
Strange things and deep as any poet penned,  
Such truth as never truth again can mend,  
Whatever art we use, what gods invoke ;  
It was not wrath, it made nor strife nor smoke :  
Be what it may, it had a solemn end.

Farewell, in peace. We of the selfsame throne  
Are foeman vassals ; pale astrologers,  
Each a wise skeptic of the other's star.  
Silently, as we went our ways alone,  
The steadfast sun, whom no poor prayer  
deters,  
Drew high between us his majestic bar.



## II

MINE was the mood that shows the dearest  
face

Through a long avenue, and voices kind  
Idle, and indeterminate, and blind  
As rumours from a very distant place ;  
Yet, even so, it gathered the first chace  
Of the first swallows where the lane 's inclined,  
An ebb of wavy wings to serve my mind  
For round Spring's vision. Ah, some equal  
grace

(The calm sense of seen beauty without sight)  
Befell thee, honourable heart ! no less  
In patient stupor walking from the dawn ;  
Albeit thou too wert loser of life's light,  
Like fallen Adam in the wilderness,  
Aware of naught but of the thing withdrawn.

## *A Talisman*

TAKE Temperance to thy breast,  
While yet is the hour of choosing,  
As arbitress exquisite  
Of all that shall thee betide ;  
For better than fortune's best  
Is mastery in the using,  
And sweeter than any thing sweet  
The art to lay it aside !

## *Heathenesse*

No round boy-satyr, racing from the mere,  
Shakes on the mountain lawn his dripping head  
This many a May, your sister being dead,  
Ye Christian folk ! your sister great and dear.  
To breathe her name, to think how sad-sincere  
Was all her searching, straying, dreaming,  
                    dread,

How of her natural night was Plato bred  
(A star to keep the ways of honour clear),

Who will not sigh for her? who can forget  
Not only unto campèd Israel,  
Nor martyr-maids that as a bridegroom met  
The Roman lion's roar, salvation fell?  
To Him be most of praise that He is yet  
Your God through gods not inaccessible.

## *For Izaak Walton*

CAN trout allure the rod of yore  
In Itchen stream to dip?  
Or lover of her banks restore  
That sweet Socratic lip?  
Old fishing and wishing  
Are over many a year.  
Oh, hush thee, Oh, hush thee! heart innocent  
and dear.

Again the foamy shallows fill,  
The quiet clouds amass,  
And soft as bees by Catherine Hill  
At dawn the anglers pass,  
And follow the hollow,  
In boughs to disappear.  
Oh, hush thee, Oh, hush thee! heart innocent  
and dear.

Nay, rise not now, nor with them take  
One amber-freckled fool!  
Thy sons to-day bring each an ache  
For ancient arts to cool.

But, father, lie rather  
Unhurt and idle near;  
Oh, hush thee, Oh, hush thee! heart innocent  
and dear.

While thought of thee to men is yet  
A sylvan playfellow,  
Ne'er by thy marble they forget  
In pious cheer to go.  
As air falls, the prayer falls  
O'er kingly Winchester:  
Oh, hush thee, Oh, hush thee! heart innocent  
and dear.

## *Fifteen Epitaphs*

### I

I LAID the strewings, darling, on thine urn ;  
I lowered the torch, I poured the cup to Dis.  
Now hushaby, my little child, and learn  
Long sleep how good it is.

In vain thy mother prays, wayfaring hence,  
Peace to her heart, where only heartaches dwell ;  
But thou more blest, O mild intelligence !  
Forget her, and Farewell.

### II

GENTLE Grecian passing by,  
Father of thy peace am I :  
Wouldst thou now, in memory,  
Give a soldier's flower to me,  
Choose the standard named of yore  
Beautiful Worth-dying-for,  
That shall wither not, but wave  
All the year above my grave.

### III

LIGHT thou hast of the moon,  
 Shade of the dammar-pine,  
 Here on thy hillside bed ;  
 Fair befall thee, O fair  
 Lily of womanhood,  
 Patient long, and at last  
 Here on thy hillside bed,  
 Happier : ah, Blæsilla !

### IV

ME, deep-tressèd meadows, take to your loyal  
 keeping,  
 Hard by the swish of sickles ever in Aulon  
 sleeping,  
 Philophron, old and tired, and glad to be done  
 with reaping !

### V

UPON thy level tomb, till windy winter morn,  
 The fallen leaves delay ;

But plain and pure their trace is, when them-  
selves are torn  
From delicate frost away.

As here to transient frost the absent leaf is, such  
Thou wert and art to me:  
So on my passing life is thy long-passèd touch,  
O dear Alcithoë!

#### VI

HAIL, and be of comfort, thou pious Xeno,  
Late the urn of many a kinsman wreathing;  
On thine own shall even the stranger offer  
Plentiful myrtle.

#### VII

HERE lies one in the earth who scarce of the  
earth was moulded,  
Wise Æthalides' son, himself no lover of study,  
Cnopus, asleep, indoors: the young invincible  
runner.  
They from the cliff footpath that see on the  
grave we made him,



Tameless, slant in the wind, the bare and  
beautiful iris,  
Stop short, full of delight, and cry out : " See,  
it is Cnopus  
Runs, with white throat forward, over the sands  
to Chalcis ! "

VIII

ERE the Ferryman from the coast of spirits  
Turn the diligent oar that brought thee thither,  
Soul, remember : and leave a kiss upon it  
For thy desolate father, for thy sister,  
Whichsoever be first to cross hereafter.

IX

JAFFA ended, Cos begun  
Thee, Aristeus. Thou wert one  
Fit to trample out the sun :  
Who shall think thine ardours are  
But a cinder in a jar ?

X

Two white heads the grasses cover :  
Dorcas, and her lifelong lover.

While they graced their country closes  
Simply as the brooks and roses,  
Where was lot so poor, so trodden,  
But they cheered it of a sudden?  
Fifty years at home together,  
Hand in hand, they went elsewhither,  
Then first leaving hearts behind  
Comfortless. Be thou as kind.

XI

As wind that wasteth the unmarried rose,  
And mars the golden breakers in the bay,  
Hurtful and sweet from heaven for ever blows  
Sad thought that roughens all our quiet day ;

And elder poets envy, while they weep,  
Ion, whom first the gods to covert brought,  
Here under inland olives laid asleep,  
Most wise, most happy, having done with  
thought.

XII

Cows in the narrowing August marshes,  
Cows in a stretch of water

Motionless,  
Neck on neck overlapped and drooping ;  
  
These in their troubled and dumb communion,  
Thou on the steep bank yonder,  
Pastora !  
No more ever to lead and love them,  
  
No more ever. Thine innocent mourners  
Pass thy tree in the evening  
Heavily,  
Hearing another herd-girl calling.

XIII

Go you by with gentle tread.  
This was Paula, who is dead :  
Dear grey eyes that had a look  
Like some rock-o'ershadowed brook,  
Voice upon the ear to cling  
Sweeter than the cithern string.  
With that spirit shy and fair  
Quietly and unaware  
Climbing past the starry van,  
Went, for triple talisman,

They to whom the heavens must ope:  
Candour, Chastity, and Hope.

XIV

TAKE from an urn my vow and salutation  
Unto the land I never now shall see:  
Laid here exiled, my heart in desolation  
Frets like a child against her breast to be.

Far from the sky, a rose that opes at even  
(One liquid star for dewdrop on the rose),  
Far from the shower that nesting low in heaven  
Thrice in an hour light-wingèd comes and goes,

Far from my lost and blessèd and belovèd  
Nightfall of June beside the Rhodian wave,  
Mine is the pain another isle to covet,  
Though all in vain, for gardener of my grave.

XV

PRAISE thou the Mighty Mother for what is  
wrought, not me,  
A nameless nothing-caring head asleep against  
her knee.

## *Deo Optimo Maximo*

ALL else for use, One only for desire ;  
Thanksgiving for the good, but thirst for  
Thee :

Up from the best, whereof no man need tire,  
Impel Thou me.

Delight is menace if Thou brood not by,  
Power a quicksand, Fame a gathering jeer.  
Oft as the morn (though none of earth deny  
These three are dear),

Wash me of them, that I may be renewed,  
And wander free amid my freeborn joys :  
Oh, close my hand upon Beatitude !  
Not on her toys.

## *Charista Musing*

MOVELESS, on the marge of a sunny cornfield,  
Rapt in sudden revery while thou standest,  
Like the sheaves, in beautiful Doric yellow  
Clad to the ankle,

Oft to thee with delicate hasty footstep  
So I steal, and suffer because I find thee  
Inly flown, and only a fallen feather  
Left of my darling.

Give me back thy wakening breath, thy ringlets  
Fragrant as the vine of the bean in blossom,  
And those eyes of violet dusk and daylight  
Under sea-water,

Eyes too far away, and too full of longing!  
Yes : and go not heavenward where I lose thee,  
Go not, go not whither I cannot follow,  
Being but earthly.

Willing swallow poisèd upon my finger,  
Little wild-wing ever from me escaping,  
For the care thou art to me, I thy lover  
Love thee, and fear thee.

## *The Still of the Year*

UP from the willow-root  
Subduing agonies leap ;  
The field-mouse and the purple moth  
Turn over amid their sleep ;  
The icicled rocks aloft  
Burn amber and blue alway,  
And trickling and tinkling  
The snows of the drift decay.  
Oh, mine is the head must hang  
And share the immortal pang !  
Winter or spring is fair ;  
Thaw's hard to bear.  
Heigho ! my heart's sick.

Sweet is cherry-time, sweet  
A shower, a bobolink,  
And trillium, fain far under  
Her cloistering leaf to shrink ;  
But here in the vast, unborn,  
Is the bitterest place to be,  
Till striving and longing  
Shall quicken the earth and me.

What change inscrutable  
Is nigh us, we know not well ;  
Gone is the strength to sigh  
Either to live or die.  
Heigho ! my heart 's sick.



## *A Footnote to a Famous Lyric*

TRUE love's own talisman, which here  
Shakespeare and Sidney failed to teach,  
A steel-and-velvet Cavalier  
Gave to our Saxon speech :

Chief miracle of theme and touch  
That all must envy and adore :  
*I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not Honour more.*

No critic born since Charles was King  
But sighed in smiling, as he read :  
“ Here 's theft supreme of everything  
A poet might have said ! ”

Young knight and wit and beau, who won  
Mid war's upheaval, ladies' praise,  
Was't well of you, ere you had done,  
To blight our modern bays?

Oh, yet to you, whose random hand  
Struck from the dark whole gems like these

(Archaic beauty, never planned  
Nor reared by wan degrees,

Which leaves an artist poor, and Art  
An earldom richer all her years);  
To you, dead on your shield apart,  
Be "*Ave!*" passed in tears.

'T was virtue's breath inflamed your lyre:  
Heroic from the heart it ran;  
Nor for the shedding of such fire  
Lived, since, a manlier man.

And till your strophe sweet and bold  
So lovely aye, so lonely long,  
Love's self outdo, dear Lovelace! hold  
The parapets of Song.

*T. W. P.*

*A. D. MDCCCXIX-MDCCCXCII*

FRIEND who hast gone, and dost enrich to-day  
New England brightly building far away,  
And crown her liberal walk  
With company more choice, and sweeter talk,

Look not on Fame, but Peace ; and in a bower  
Receive at last her fulness and her power :  
Nor wholly, pure of heart !  
Forget thy few, who would be where thou art.

## *Summum Bonum*

WAITING on Him who knows us and our need,  
Most need have we to dare not, nor desire,  
But as He giveth, softly to suspire  
Against His gift with no inglorious greed,  
For this is joy, though still our joys recede ;  
And, as in octaves of a noble lyre,  
To move our minds with His, and clearer,  
    higher,  
Sound forth our fate : for this is strength in-  
    deed.

Thanks to His love let earth and man dis-  
    pense  
In smoke of worship when the heart is stillest,  
A praying more than prayer : " Great good  
    have I,  
Till it be greater good to lay it by ;  
Nor can I lose peace, power, permanence,  
For these smile on me from the thing Thou  
    willest ! "

## *When on the Marge of Evening*

WHEN on the marge of evening the last blue  
light is broken,  
And winds of dreamy odour are loosened from  
afar,  
Or when my lattice opens, before the lark hath  
spoken,  
On dim laburnum-blossoms, and morning's  
dying star,

I think of thee (O mine the more if other eyes  
be sleeping !),  
Whose greater noonday splendours the many  
share and see,  
While sacred and for ever, some perfect law is  
keeping  
The late, the early twilight, alone and sweet  
for me.

## *Hylas*

(THERE's a thrush on the under bough  
Fluting evermore and now :

"*Keep — young !*" but who knows how ?)

Jar in arm, they bade him rove  
Through the alder's long alcove,  
Where the hid spring musically  
Gushes to the ample valley.

Down the woodland corridor,  
Odours deepened more and more ;  
Blossomed dogwood in the briars  
Struck her faint delicious fires ;  
Miles of April passed between  
Crevices of closing green,  
And the moth, the violet-lover,  
By the wellside saw him hover.

Ah, the slippery sylvan dark !  
Never after shall he mark  
(On his drownèd cheek down-sinking),  
Noisy ploughman drinking, drinking.

Quit of serving is that wild  
Absent and bewitchèd child,  
Unto action, age, and danger  
Thrice a thousand years a stranger.

Fathoms low, the naiads sing  
In a birthday welcoming ;  
Water-white their breasts, and o'er him,  
Water-grey, their eyes adore him.

(There's a thrush on the under bough  
Fluting evermore and now :  
“*Keep — young !*” but who knows how?)

## *Nocturne*

THE sun that hurt his lovers from on high  
Is fallen ; she more merciful is nigh,  
The blessèd one whose beauty's even glow  
Gave never wound to any shepherd's eye.  
Above our lonely boat in shallows drifting,  
Alone her plaintive form ascends the sky.

Oh, sing ! the water-golds are deepening now,  
Almost a hush is on the aspen bough ;  
Her light caresseth thine, as saint to saint  
Sweet interchanged adorings may allow :  
Sing, Eunoë, that lily throat uplifting :  
They are so like, the holy Moon and thou !



*To Henry Howard, Earl of  
Surrey*

YOUNG father-poet! much in you I praise  
Adventure high, romantic, vehement,  
All with inviolate honour sealed and blent  
To the axe-edge that cleft your soldier bays;  
Your friendships too, your follies, whims, and  
frays;

And most, that verse of strict imperious bent  
Heard sweetly as from some old harper's tent,  
And clanging in the listener's brain for days.

At Framlingham to-night if there should be  
No guest beyond a sea-born wind that sighs,  
No guard save moonlight's crossed and trail-  
ing spears,

And I, your pilgrim, call you, Oh, let me  
In at the gate! and smile into the eyes  
That sought you, Surrey, down three hundred  
years.

## *Planting the Poplar*

BECAUSE thou'rt not an oak  
To breast the thunder-stroke,  
Or flamy-fruited yew  
Darker than Time, how few  
Of birds or men or kine  
Will love this throne of thine,  
Scant Poplar, without shade  
Inhospitably made !  
Yet, branches never parted  
From their straight secret bole,  
Yet, sap too single-hearted !  
Prosper as my soul.

In loneliness, in quaint  
Perpetual constraint,  
In gallant poverty,  
A girt and hooded tree,  
See if against the gale  
Our leafage can avail :  
Lithe, equal, naked, true,  
Rise up as spirits do,

And be a spirit crying  
Before the folk that dream!  
My slender early-dying  
Poplar, by the stream.

## *To One who would not Spare Himself*

A CENSER playing from a heart all fire,  
A flushing, racing, singing mountain stream  
Thou art; and dear to us of dull desire  
In thy far-going dream.

Full to the grave be thy too fleeting way,  
And full thereafter: few that know thee best  
Will grudge it so, for neither thou nor they  
Can mate thy soul with rest.

God put thee from the laws of Time adrift.  
Lo, He who moves without delay or haste,  
Far less may love the sheaves of ghostly thrift,  
Than some diviner waste.

Be mine to ride in joy, ere thou art gone,  
The flame, the torrent, which is one with thee!  
Saint, from this pool of dying sweep us on  
Where Life must long to be.

## *Winter Peace*

APRIL seemed a restless pain,  
June a phantom in the rain ;  
Weary Autumn without grain  
Turned her home, full of tears.  
O my year, the most in vain  
Of the years!

While the furrowed field was red,  
While the roses rioted,  
While a leaf was left to shed,  
There was storm in the air.  
Now that troubled heart is dead,  
All is fair.

'Neath a glow of copper-grey  
Spreads the stubble far away,  
And the hilltop cedars play  
Interludes in accord,  
And the sun adorns the day  
Like a sword.

Even, usual, and slow,  
Blue enchanted breakers go

Over carmine reefs in snow,  
With a sail in the lee :  
There 's the godhead that we know  
On the sea.

Ah, let be a promise vast  
So mysteriously downcast!  
I will love this year that passed  
To her grave in the wild,  
And is clear of stain at last  
As a child.

## *Sleep*

O GLORIOUS tide, O hospitable tide  
On whose mysterious breast my head hath lain,  
Lest I, all eased of wounds and washed of stain  
Through holy hours, be yet unsatisfied,  
Loose me betimes: for in my soul abide  
Urgings of memory, and exile's pain  
Weighs on me, as the spirit of one slain  
May throb for the old strife wherein he died.

Often and evermore, across the sea  
Of dark and dreams, to fatherlands of Day,  
Oh, speed me: as that outworn King erewhile  
By kind Phæacians borne ashore, so me,  
Thy loving healèd ward, fail not to lay  
Beneath the olive boughs of mine own isle.

*Writ in my Lord Clarendon's  
History of the Rebellion*

How life hath cheapen'd, and how blank  
The Worlde is ! like a fen  
Where long ago unstainèd sank  
The starrie gentlemen :  
Since Marston Moor and Newbury drank  
King Charles his gentlemen.

If Fate in any air accords  
What Fate deny'd, Oh, then  
I ask to be among your Swordes,  
My joyous gentlemen ;  
Towards Honour's heaven to goe, and towards  
King Charles his gentlemen !



## *In a February Garden*

ONE rose till after snowtime  
O'erlooked the sodden grass ;  
Now crocuses are twenty  
With spear and torch a plenty,  
To keep our Candlemas.

So thin that winter greyness,  
So light that sleep forlorn,  
No seventh week uncloses  
Between the martyr roses  
And crocus newly born.

All doubt is hushed for ever,  
Confuted without sound,  
All ruin featly ended,  
When bulbs begin their splendid  
Gay muster overground ;

And mid the golden heralds  
That ride the icy breeze,  
Man, too, divinely vernal,  
Storms into life eternal  
Victoriously with these.

O Beauty, O Persistence  
Ineffable and strong !  
Would we had borne with Sorrow  
In her unlasting morrow :  
And Death was not for long.

## *A Valediction*

*R. L. S.: A. D. MDCCCXCIV*

WHEN from the vista of the Book I shrink,  
From lauded pens that earn ignoble wage  
Begetting nothing joyous, nothing sage,  
Nor keep with Shakespeare's use one golden  
link;

When heavily my sanguine spirits sink  
To read too plain on each impostor page  
Only of kings the broken lineage,—  
Well for my peace if then on thee I think,

Louis, our priest of letters, and our knight  
With whose familiar baldrick Hope is girt,  
From whose young hands she bears the Grail  
away.

All glad, all great! Truer because thou wert,  
I am and must be; and in thy known light  
Go down to dust, content with this my day.

## *A Footpath Morality*

ALONG the Hills, height unto height  
Tosses the dappled light,  
Rills in a torrent flow,  
And cuckoo calls beyond the third hedge-  
row.

Young winds nothing can quell  
Scale the wild-chestnut citadel,  
Again to make  
Its thousand faëry white pagodas shake.  
Up many a lane  
The blue vervain  
A coverlid hath featly spread  
For the bees' bed,  
That those tired sylvan thieves  
May lie most soft on the sweet and scalloped  
leaves.

And by to-morrow morn  
Bright agrimony, in the thickets born,  
Will high uphold  
Each cinquefoil of plain gold;  
Dogwood in white will hood herself apace,  
And betony flaunt a varied gypsy mace,

And copper pimpernel, true as a clock,  
On some waste common, by a rock  
Her small dark-centred wheel draw in  
Long, long ere dusk begin.

This day  
Of infinite May  
Is far more fitly yours than ours,  
O spirit-bodied flowers !  
What heart disordered sore  
Comes through the greenwood door,  
Shall for your sake  
Find sap and soil and dew, and shall not break ;  
And hearts beneath no ban  
Will in your sight some penance do for man,  
Poor lagging man, content to be  
Sick with the impact of eternity,  
Who might keep step with you in the low grass,  
Best part of one strange pageant made in joy  
to pass !  
Not ye, not ye, the privilege disown  
To flourish fair and fall fair, and be strewn  
Deep in that Will of God, where blend  
The origin of beauty and the end.

## *The Light of the House*

BEYOND the cheat of Time, here where you  
died, you live ;

You pace the garden walk, secure and sensitive ;  
You linger on the stair: Love's lonely pulses  
leap!

The harpsichord is shaken, the dogs look up  
from sleep.

Here, after all the years, you keep the heirdom  
still ;

The youth and joy in you achieve their olden  
will,

Unbidden, undeterred, with waking sense  
adored ;

And still the house is happy that hath so dear  
a lord.

To every inmate heart, confirmed in cheer you  
brought,

Your name is as a spell midway of speech and  
thought,

And to a wonted guest (not awestruck heretofore),

The sunshine that was, you floods all the open door.

# *An Outdoor Litany*

*Donec misereatur nostri.*

THE spur is red upon the briar,  
The sea-kelp whips the wave ashore ;  
The wind shakes out the coloured fire  
From lamps a-row on the sycamore ;  
The bluebird with his flitting note  
Shows to wild heaven his wedding-coat ;  
The mink is busy ; herds again  
Go hillward in the honeyed rain ;  
The midges meet. I cry to Thee  
Whose heart  
Remembers each of these : Thou art  
My God who hast forgotten me !

Bright from the mast, a scarf unwound,  
The lined gulls in the offing ride ;  
Along an edge of marshy ground  
The shad-bush enters like a bride.  
Yon little clouds are washed of care  
That climb the blue New England air,  
And almost merrily withal  
The hyla tunes at evenfall



His oboe in a mossy tree.  
So too,  
Am I not Thine? Arise, undo  
This fear Thou hast forgotten me.

Happy the vernal rout that come  
To their due offices to-day,  
And strange, if in Thy mercy's sum,  
Excluded man alone decay.  
I ask no triumph, ask no joy,  
Save leave to live, in law's employ.  
As to a weed, to me but give  
Thy sap! lest aye inoperative  
Here in the Pit my strength shall be:  
And still  
Help me endure the Pit, until  
Thou wilt not have forgotten me.

## *Of Joan's Youth*

I WOULD unto my fair restore  
A simple thing:  
The flushing cheek she had before !  
Out-velveting  
No more, no more,  
On our sad shore,  
The carmine grape, the moth's auroral wing.

Ah, say how winds in flooding grass  
Unmoor the rose ;  
Or guileful ways the salmon pass  
To sea, disclose :  
For so, alas,  
With Love, alas,  
With fatal, fatal Love a girlhood goes.

## *In a Brecon Valley*

*Patulis ubi vallibus errans  
Subjacet aëriis montibus Isca pater.*

H. V. *Ad Posteror.*

### I

I FOLLOWED thee, wild stream of Paradise,  
White Usk, for ever showering the sunned bee  
In the pink chestnut and the hawthorn tree ;  
And all along had magical surmise  
Of mountains fluctuant in those vesper skies,  
As unto mermen, caverned in mid-sea,  
Far up the vast green reaches, soundlessly  
The giant breakers form, and fall, and rise.

Above thy poet's dust, by yonder yew,  
Ere distance perished, ere a star began,  
His clear monastic measure, heard of few,  
Through lonelier glens of mine own being ran ;  
And thou to me wert dear, because I knew  
The God who made thee gracious, and the  
man.

II

IF, by that second lover's power controlled,  
 In sweet symbolic rite thy breath o'erfills  
 Fields of no war with vagrant daffodils,  
 From distance unto distance trailing gold ;  
 If dazzling sands or thickets thee enfold,  
 Transfigured Usk, where from their mossy sills  
 Grey hamlets kiss thee, and by herded hills  
 Diviner run thy shallows than of old ; —

If intellectual these, Oh ! name my Vaughan  
 Creator too : and close his memory keep  
 Who from thy fountain, kind to him, hath  
     drawn

Birth, energy, and joy ; devotion deep ;  
 A play of thought more mystic than the  
     dawn,

And death at home ; and centuried sylvan  
     sleep.

## *A Song of Far Travel*

MANY a time some drowsy oar from the nearer  
bank invited,  
Crossed a narrow stream, and bore in among  
the reeds moon-lighted,  
There to leave me on a shore no ferryman hath  
sighted.

Many a time a mountain stile, dark and bright  
with sudden wetting,  
Lured my vagrant foot the while 'twixt up-  
lifting and down-setting, —  
Whither? Thousand mile on mile, beyond the  
last forgetting.

Long by hidden ways I wend (past occasion  
grown a ranger);  
Yet enchantment, like a friend, takes from  
death the tang of danger:  
Hardly river or road can end where I need  
step a stranger.

# Spring

*With a difference.* — HAMLET.

AGAIN the bloom, the northward flight,  
The fount freed at its silver height,  
And down the deep woods to the lowest  
The fragrant shadows scarred with light.

O inescapable joy of Spring !  
For thee the world shall leap and sing ;  
But by her darkened door thou goest  
Henceforward as a spectral thing.

## *The Colour-Bearer*

THY charge was : " Hold My banner  
Against our hidden foe ;  
To war where sounds no manner  
Of glorious music, go ! "  
And like Thy word my answer all joyless :  
" Be it so . "

Ah, not to brave Thy censure  
But win Thy smile of light,  
My heart of misadventure  
Will end in the losing fight,  
And lie out yonder, wattled with wounds from  
left to right.

The day will pass of torment,  
The evenfall be sweet  
When I shall wear for garment  
The nakedness of defeat.  
But when afield Thou comest, and look'st in  
vain to meet

That eagle of the wartime,  
That oriflamme, outrolled

With strength of staff aforetime,  
With cleanly and costly fold, —  
Ride on, ride on ! and seek me with lanthorns  
through the cold,

And take from me (turned donor  
That night on blood-soaked sand),  
The stick and rag of Honour  
There safe in a stiffened hand,  
Not left, not lost, nor ever a spoil in the vic-  
tor's land.



## *Sanctuary*

HIGH above hate I dwell :  
O storms ! farewell.  
Though at my sill your daggered thunders play  
Lawless and loud to-morrow as to-day,  
To me they sound more small  
Than a young fay's footfall :  
Soft and far-sunken, forty fathoms low  
In Long Ago,  
And winnowed into silence on that wind  
Which takes wars like a dust, and leaves but  
love behind.

Hither Felicity  
Doth climb to me,  
And bank me in with turf and marjoram  
Such as bees lip, or the new-weanèd lamb ;  
With golden barberry-wreath,  
And bluets thick beneath ;  
One grosbeak, too, mid apple-buds a guest  
With bud-red breast,  
Is singing, singing ! All the hells that rage  
Float less than April fog below our hermitage.

## *Emily Brontë*

WHAT sacramental hurt that brings  
The terror of the truth of things  
Had changed thee? Secret be it yet.  
'T was thine, upon a headland set,  
To view no isles of man's delight,  
With lyric foam in rainbow flight,  
But all a-swing, a-gleam, mid slow uproar,  
Black sea, and curved uncouth sea-bitten shore.

## *Pascal*

THOU lovedst life, but not to brand it thine  
(O rich in all forborne felicities !),  
Nor use it with marauding power, to seize  
And stain the sweet earth's blue horizon-line.  
Virgin the grape might in the trellis twine  
Where thou hadst long ago an hour of ease,  
And foot of thine across the unpressed leas  
Went light as some Idæan foot divine.

Spirit so abstinent, in thy deeps lay  
What passion of possession? Day by day  
Was there no thirst upon thee, sharp and pure,  
In forward sea-like surges unforgot?  
Yes: and in life and death those joys endure  
More blessedly, that men can name them not.

## *Borderlands*

THROUGH all the evening,  
All the virginal long evening,  
Down the blossomed aisle of April it is dread  
to walk alone ;  
For there the intangible is nigh, the lost is  
ever-during ;  
And who would suffer again beneath a too  
divine alluring,  
Keen as the ancient drift of sleep on dying  
faces blown ?

Yet in the valley,  
At a turn of the orchard alley,  
When a wild aroma touched me in the moist  
and moveless air,  
Like breath indeed from out Thee, or as airy  
vesture round Thee,  
Then was it I went faintly, for fear I had  
nearly found Thee,  
O Hidden, O Perfect, O Desired ! O first and  
final Fair !

## *Ode for a Master Mariner Ashore*

THERE in his room, whene'er the moon looks  
in,

To silver now a shell, and now a fin,  
And o'er his chart glide like an argosy,  
Quiet and old sits he.

Danger! he hath grown homesick for thy smile.  
Where hidest thou the while, heart's boast,  
Strange face of beauty sought and lost,  
Star-face that lured him out from boyhood's  
isle?

Blown clear from dull indoors, his dreams be-  
hold

Night-water smoke and sparkle as of old,  
The taffrail lurch, the sheets triumphant toss  
Their veering weight across.

On, on he wears, the seaman long exiled,  
To lands where stunted cedars throw  
A lace-like shadow over snow,  
Or tropic fountains wash their agates wild.

Again play up and down the briny spar  
Odours of Surinam or Zanzibar,  
Till blithely thence he ploughs, in visions new,  
The Labradorian blue;  
All homeless hurricanes about him break;  
The purples of spent day he sees  
From Samos to the Hebrides,  
And drowned men dancing darkly in his wake.

Where the small deadly foam-caps, well de-  
sried,  
Top, tier on tier, the hundred-mountained tide,  
Away, and far away, his barque is borne  
Riding the noisy morn,  
Plunges, and preens her wings, and laughs to  
know  
The helm and tightening halyards still  
Follow the urging of his will,  
And scoff at sullen earth a league below.

Alas! Fate bars him from his heirdom high,  
And shackles him with many an inland tie,  
And of his only wisdom makes a jibe  
Amid an alien tribe:



And on the shut space and the shallow hour,  
Turn the great floods! and to thy spousal bower,  
With rapt arrest and solemn loitering,  
Him whom thou lovedst, bring:  
That he, thy faithful one, with praising lip,  
Not having, at the last, less grace  
Of thee than had his roving race,  
Sum up his strength to perish with a ship.





OXFORD AND LONDON

XXVI SONNETS



## OXFORD

### I. *The Tow-Path*

FURROW to furrow, oar to oar succeeds,  
Each length away, more bright, more exquisite ;  
The sister shells that hither, thither, flit  
Strew the long stream like scattered maple-seeds.

A comrade on the marge now lags, now leads,  
Who with short calls his pace doth intermit :  
An angry Pan, afoot ; but if he sits,  
Auspicious Pan among the river reeds.

West of the glowing hayricks, tawny black  
Where waters by their warm escarpments run,  
Two lovers, newly crossed from Kennington,  
Print in the early dew a married track,  
And drain the aroma'd eve, and spend the sun,  
Ere in laborious health the crews come back.

## II. *Ad Antiquarium*

My gentle Aubrey, who in everything  
Hadst of thy city's youth so lovely lust,  
Yet never lineal to her towers august  
Thy spirit could fix, or perfectly upbring,  
Sleep, sleep! I ope, not unremembering,  
Thy comely manuscript, and interthrust  
Find delicate hueless leaves more sad than dust,  
Two centuries unkissed of any Spring.

Filling a homesick page beneath a lime,  
Thy mood beheld, as mine thy debtor's now,  
The endless terraces of ended Time  
Vague in green twilight. Goodly was release  
Into that Past where these poor leaves, and  
                  thou,  
Do freshen in the air of eldest peace.

### III. *Martyrs' Memorial*

SUCH natural debts of love our Oxford knows,  
So many ancient dues undesecrate,  
I marvel how the landmark of a hate  
For witness unto future time she chose ;  
How 'gainst her own corroborate ranks arose  
The Three, in great denial only great,  
For Art's enshrining ! Thus, averted straight,  
My soul to seek a holier captain goes :

That sweet adventurer whom Truth befell  
Whenas the synagogues were watching not ;  
Whose crystal name on royal Oriel  
Hangs like a shield ; who to an outland spot  
Led hence, beholds his Star, and counts it well  
To live of all his dear domain forgot.

#### IV. *Parks Road*

VIEWED yesterday, in sad elusive light,  
These everlasting heptarchs, tree by tree,  
Seemed filing off to exile, lingeringly,  
Each with his giant falchion, kinless quite.  
All the wild winter day and flooded night  
They feigned to march far as the eye could see,  
Through transient oceans plunging to the knee  
Their centuried greaves, ebon and malachite.

To-day, accustomed bole and branch all bare  
Stand with old gems inlaid. Like coloured  
snow

Or vista'd flame along the drowsy air,  
Their gold-green lichens stir and cling and glow.  
What secret craftsmen painted them so fair?  
Angels of Moisture and the Long Ago.

## V. *Tom*

HARK! the king bell, loud in his vesper choir.  
As in between each golden roar doth come  
That solemn, plangent, unregarded hum  
Chiding the truant with archaic ire,  
On Worcester mere far off, in elfin gyre  
The wavelets laugh, and laughter showereth  
from  
May's chestnut like a lampadarium  
By Brasenose, with every point afire.

Yet over all roofs to the uttermost,  
Call, Shepherd dear, from thy dream-haunted  
ground:  
For some there be, on whatsoever coast,  
In midst of any morrow's ordered round,  
Hear as of old (in earth and heaven an host!)  
And like young lambs, leap homeward at the  
sound.



## VI. *On the Pre-Reformation Churches about Oxford*

### I

IMPERIAL Iffley, Cumnor-bowered in green,  
And Templar Sandford in the boatman's call,  
And sweet-belled Appleton, and Elsfield wall  
That dost upon adoring ivies lean;  
Meek Binsey; Dorchester, where streams con-  
vene  
Bidding on graves thy solemn shadow fall;  
Clear Cassington, soaring perpetual,  
Holton, and Hampton Poyle, and fanes be-  
tween :

If one of all in your sad courts that come  
Belovèd and departed ! be your own,  
Kin to the souls ye had, while yet endures  
Some memory of a great communion known  
At home in quarries of old Christendom, —  
Ah, mark him : he will lay his cheek to yours.

## II

Is this the end ? Is this the pilgrim's day  
For dread, for dereliction, and for tears ?  
Rather, from grass and air and many spheres  
In prophecy his heart is called away ;  
And under English eaves, more still than they,  
Far-off, incoming, wonderful, he hears  
The long-arrested, the believing years  
Carry the sea-wall ! Shall he, sighing, say :

“ Farewell to Faith, for she is dead at best  
Who had such beauty ” ? or, with spirit fain  
To watch beside her darkened doors, go by  
With a new psalm : “ O banished Light so  
nigh !

Of them was I, who bore thee and who blest :  
Even here remember me when thou shalt  
reign.”

## VII. *A December Walk*

WHITHERSOEVER cold and fair ye flow,  
Take me, O gentle moon and gentler wind,  
Past Wyatt's cumbering portal, frost-entwined,  
And Merton 'neath that huge tiara's glow,  
And groves in bridal gossamer below  
Saint Mary's armoured spire; and whence  
aligned

In altered eminence for dawn to find  
Sleep the droll Cæsars, hooded with the snow.

White sacraments of weather, shine on me !  
Upbear my footfall and my fancy sift,  
Lest either blemish an ensainted ground  
Spread so with childhood. Bid with me, out-  
bound,  
On recollected wing mine angel drift  
Across new spheres of immortality.

## VIII. *The Old Dial of Corpus*

WARDEN of hours and ages, here I dwell,  
Who saw young Keble pass, with sighing  
shook

For good unborn; and towards a willow nook,  
Pole, princely in the senate and the cell;  
And doubting the near boom of Osney bell,  
Turning on me that sweetly subtile look,  
Erasmus, in his breast an Attic book:  
Peacemakers all, their dreams to ashes fell.

Naught steadfast may I image nor attain  
Save steadfast labour; futile must I grope  
After my god, like him, inconstant bright:  
But sun and shade will unto you remain  
Alternately a symbol and a hope,  
Men, spirits! of Emmanuel your Light.

## IX. *Rooks: New College Gardens*

THROUGH rosy cloud and over thorny towers,  
Their wings with darkling autumn distance  
filled,

From Isis' valley border, many-hilled,  
The rooks are crowding home as evening  
lowers :

Not for men only, and their musing hours  
By battled walls did gracious Wykeham build  
These dewy spaces early sown and stilled,  
These dearest inland melancholy bowers.

Blest birds! A book held open on the knee  
Below, is all they guess of Adam's blight:  
With surer art the while, and simpler rite,  
They gather power in some monastic tree  
Where breathe against their docile breasts by  
night

The scholar's star, the star of sanctity.

## X. *Above Port Meadow*

THE plain gives freedom. Hither from the  
town

How oft a dreamer and a book of yore  
Escaped the lamplit Square, and heard no  
more

Inroll from Cowley turf the game's renown,  
But bade the vernal sky with spices drown  
His head by Plato's in the grass, before  
Yon oar that's never old, the sunset oar,  
At Medley Lock was laid reluctant down !

So seeming far the confines and the crowd,  
The gross routine, the cares that vex and tire,  
From this large light, sad thoughts in it,  
high-driven,

Go happier than the inly-moving cloud  
Who lets her vesture fall, a floss of fire,  
Abstracted, on the ivory hills of heaven.

## XI. *Undertones at Magdalen*

FAIR are the finer creature-sounds ; of these  
Is Magdalen full : her bees, the while they  
drop

Susurrant to the garth from weeds atop ;  
And round the priestless Pulpit, auguries  
Of wrens in council from an hundred leas ;  
And merry fish of Cherwell, fain to stop  
The water-plantain's way ; and deer that crop  
Delicious herbage under choral trees.

The cry for silver and gold in Christendom  
Without, threads not her silence and her  
dark.

Only against the isolate Tower there break  
Low rhythmic murmurs of good men to come :  
Invasive seas of hushed approach that make  
Memorial music, would the ear but hark.

## XII. *A Last View*

### I

WHERE down the hill, across the hidden ford  
Stretches the open aisle from scene to scene,  
By halted horses silently we lean,  
Gazing enchanted from our steeper sward.  
How yon low loving skies of April hoard  
A plot of pinnacles ! and how with sheen  
Of spike and ball her languid clouds between  
Grey Oxford grandly rises riverward !

Sweet on those dim long-dedicated walls  
Silver as rain the frugal sunshine falls ;  
Slowly sad eyes resign them, bound afar.  
Dear Beauty, dear Tradition, fare you well,  
And powers that aye aglow in you, impel  
Our quickening spirits from the slime we are.



STARS in the bosom of thy braided tide,  
 Soft air and ivy on thy gracile stone,  
 O Glory of the West, as thou wert sown,  
 Stand perfect : O miraculous, abide !  
 And still, for greatness flickering from thy  
                     side,  
 Eternal alchemist, evoke, enthrone  
 True heirs in true succession, later blown  
 From that same seed of fire which never died.

Nor Love shall lack her solace, to behold  
 Ranged to the morrow's melancholy verge,  
 Thy lights uprisen in Thought's disclosing  
                     spaces ;  
 And round some beacon-spirit, stable, old,  
 In radiant broad tumultuary surge  
 For ever, the young voices, the young faces.

## LONDON

### I. *On First Entering Westminster Abbey*

HOLY of England ! since my light is short  
And faint, Oh, rather by the sun anew  
Of timeless passion set my dial true,  
That with thy saints and thee I may consort;  
And wafted in the cool enshadowed port  
Of poets, seem a little sail long due,  
And be as one the call of memory drew  
Unto the saddle void since Agincourt.

Not now for secular love's unquiet lease  
Receive my soul, who rapt in thee erewhile  
Hath broken tryst with transitory things;  
But seal with her a marriage and a peace  
Eternal, on thine Edward's altar isle,  
Above the storm-spent sea of ended Kings.

## II. *Fog*

LIKE bodiless water passing in a sigh,  
Through palsied streets the fatal shadows flow,  
And in their sharp disastrous undertow  
Suck in the morning sun, and all the sky.  
The towery vista sinks upon the eye,  
As if it heard the horns of Jericho,  
Black and dissolved ; nor could the founder,  
                    know  
How what was built so bright should daily die.

Thy mood with man's is broken and blent in,  
City of Stains ! and ache of thought doth  
                    drown  
The natural light in which thy life began ;  
Great as thy dole is, smirchèd with his sin,  
Greater and elder yet the love of man  
Full in thy look, though the dark visor 's down.

### III. *St. Peter-ad-Vincula*

Too well I know, pacing the place of awe,  
Three Queens, young save in trouble, moulder  
by ;

More in his halo, Monmouth's mocking eye,  
The eagle Essex in a harpy's claw ;  
Seymour and Dudley, and stout heads that  
saw

Sundown of Scotland ; how with treasons lie  
White martyrdoms : rank in a company  
Breaker and builder of the eternal Law.

Oft as I come, the piteous garden-row  
Of ruined roses hanging from the stem,  
Where winds of old defeat yet batter them,  
Infects me : suddenly must I depart,  
Ere thought of man's injustice then and now  
Add to these aisles one other broken heart.

#### IV. *Strikers in Hyde Park*

A woof reversed the fatal shuttles weave,  
How slow ! but never once they slip the thread.  
Hither, upon the Georgian idlers' tread,  
Up spacious ways the lindens interleave,  
Clouding the royal air since yester-eve,  
Come men bereft of time and scant of bread,  
Loud, who were dumb, immortal, who were  
    dead,  
Through the cowed world their kingdom to  
    retrieve.

What ails thee, England? Altar, mart, and  
    grange  
Dream of the knife by night ; not so, not so  
The clear Republic waits the general throe,  
Along her noonday mountains' open range.  
God be with both ! for one is young to know  
The other's rote of evil and of change.

## *v. Changes in the Temple*

THE cry is at thy gates, long-lovèd ground,  
Again : for oft ere now thy children went  
Beggared and wroth, and parting greeting sent  
Some old red alley with a dial crowned ;  
Some house of honour, in a glory bound  
With lives and deaths of spirits excellent ;  
Some tree rude-taken from his kingly tent  
Hard by a little fountain's friendly sound.

Oh, for Virginius' hand, if only that  
Maintain the whole, and spoil these spoilings  
soon !

Better the scowling Strand should lose, alas,  
Her walled oasis, and where once it was  
All mournful in the cleared quadrangle sat  
Echo and ivy, and the loitering moon.

## VI. *The Lights of London*

THE evenfall, so slow on hills, hath shot  
Far down into the valley's cold extreme,  
Untimely midnight; spire and roof and stream  
Like fleeing spectres, shudder and are not.  
The Hampstead hollies, from their sylvan plot  
Yet cloudless, lean to watch as in a dream,  
From chaos climb with many a hasty gleam,  
London, one moment fallen and forgot.

Her booths begin to flare; and gases bright  
Prick door and window; every street obscure  
Sparkles and swarms with nothing true nor  
sure,

Full as a marsh of mist and winking light:  
Heaven thickens over, Heaven that cannot  
cure

Her tear by day, her fevered smile by night.

## VII. *Doves*

АH, if man's boast and man's advance be vain,  
And yonder bells of Bow, loud-echoing home,  
And the lone Tree, foreknow it, and the Dome,  
That monstrous island of the middle main ;  
If each inheritor must sink again  
Under his sires, as falleth where it clomb  
Back on the gone wave the disheartened  
foam ? —

I crossed Cheapside, and this was in my brain.

What folly lies in forecasts and in fears !  
Like a wide laughter sweet and opportune,  
Wet from the fount, three hundred doves of  
Paul's  
Shook their warm wings, drizzling the golden  
noon,  
And in their rain-cloud vanished up the walls.  
“God keeps,” I said, “our little flock of  
years.”



VIII. *In the Reading-Room of  
the British Museum*

PRAISED be the moon of books ! that doth  
above

A world of men, the sunken Past behold,  
And colour spaces else too void and cold  
To make a very heaven again thereof;  
As when the sun is set behind a grove,  
And faintly unto nether ether rolled,  
All night his whiter image and his mould  
Grows beautiful with looking on her love.

Thou, therefore, moon of so divine a ray,  
Lend to our steps both fortitude and light !  
Feebly along a venerable way  
They climb the infinite, or perish quite :  
Nothing are days and deeds to such as they,  
While in this liberal house thy face is bright.

## IX. *Sunday Chimes in the City*

ACROSS the bridge, where in the morning blow  
The wrinkled tide turns homeward, and is fain  
Homeward to drag the black sea-goer's chain,  
And the long yards by Dowgate dipping low ;  
Across dispeopled ways, patient and slow,  
Saint Magnus and Saint Dunstan call in vain :  
From Wren's forgotten belfries, in the rain,  
Down the blank wharves the dropping octaves go.

Forbid not these ! Though no man heed, they  
shower

A subtle beauty on the empty hour,  
From all their dark throats aching and out-  
blown ;

Aye in the prayerless places welcome most,  
Like the last gull that up some naked coast  
Deploys her white and steady wing, alone.

## X. *A Porch in Belgravia*

WHEN, after dawn, the lordly houses hide  
Till you fall foul of it, some piteous guest  
(Some girl the damp stones gather to their  
breast,

Her gold hair rough, her rebel garment wide,  
Who sleeps, with all that luck and life denied  
Camped round, and dreams how, seaward and  
southwest,

Blue over Devon farms the smoke-rings rest,  
And sheep and lambs ascend the lit hillside),

Dear, of your charity, speak low, step soft,  
Pray for a sinner. Planet-like and still,  
Best hearts of all are sometimes set aloft  
Only to see and pass, nor yet deplore  
Even Wrong itself, crowned Wrong inscrut-  
able,  
Which cannot but have been, for evermore.

## XI. *York Stairs*

MANY a musing eye returns to thee,  
Against the formal street disconsolate,  
Who kept in green domains thy bridal state,  
With young tide-waters leaping at thy knee;  
And lest the ravening smoke, and enmity,  
Corrode thee quite, thy lover sighs, and  
                    straight

Desires thee safe afar, too graceful gate;  
Throned on a terrace of the Boboli.

Nay, nay, thy use is here. Stand queenly thus  
Till the next fury; teach the time and us  
Leisure and will to draw a serious breath:  
Not wholly where thou art the soul is cowed,  
Nor the fooled capital proclaims aloud  
Barter is god, while Beauty perisheth.

## XII. *In the Docks*

WHERE the bales thunder till the day is done,  
And the wild sounds with wilder odours cope;  
Where over crouching sail and coiling rope,  
Lascar and Moor along the gangway run;  
Where stifled Thames spreads in the pallid  
sun,

A hive of anarchy from slope to slope;  
Flag of my birth, my liberty, my hope,  
I see thee at the masthead, joyous one!

O thou good guest! So oft as, young and warm,  
To the home-wind thy hoisted colours bound,  
Away, away from this too thoughtful ground,  
Sodden with human trespass and despair,  
Thee only, from the desert, from the storm,  
A sick mind follows into Eden air.

## NOTES



## NOTES

### *The Kings* : P. 3.

II Kings, VI, 15, 16, 17.

### *His Angel to his Mother* : P. 21.

One line of the refrain is taken from an old love song, "Sweet, if you Love me, Let me Go," set to a charming melody in D major, and to be found in Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time.

### *Beside Hazlitt's Grave* : P. 47.

St. Anne's, Soho, boasts the "sorry steeple," one of London's architectural absurdities. Hazlitt's grave is grassed over and unmarked, but the epitaph which has now for some years stood in place of the interesting original one, may be read on the headstone set against the outer west wall of the church.

### *The Vigil-at-Arms* : P. 48.

Suggested by the very simple but soldierly melody in Mendelssohn's Lied ohne Worte in A, Book I, Opus 19, No. 4, the last two lines coming in for repetitions.

### *A Friend's Song for Simoisius* : P. 49.

Having to do with *Iliad* IV, 473-489.



*The Inner Fate* : P. 64.

It is perhaps too daring to force into Greek forms any sentiment so dead against the Greek spirit of determinism.

*The Acknowledgment* : P. 66.

"The Prætor." Brutus in Shakespeare, if not the historical Brutus.

*The Cherry Bough* : P. 70.

"Si quis adhuc isthic meminit Nasonis adempti,  
Et superest sine me nomen in urbe meum."

*Tristia*, Lib. III, El. x.

"Atque aliquis vestrum, Nasonis nomine dicto,  
Deponat lacrymis pocula mista suis."

*Idem*, Lib. v, El. iv.

*A Talisman* : P. 87.

Many years after these lines were in print, it was pointed out to the author by a friend, a student of St. Bernard, how they have managed to echo in part a saying of that great Doctor, in his *De Consideratione*, Lib. I, Cap. VIII, Sec. 9 :

"Prudentia item est quae inter voluptates et necessitates media, quasi quaedam arbitra sedens . . . disternat fines . . . ex alterutris tertiam formans virtutem quam dicunt Temperantiam."

*Fifteen Epitaphs* : P. 91.

It may be well to state (as these have often been taken for translations), that they are only pseudo-Alexandrian.

*A Footpath Morality* : P. 121.

A sort of floral log-book of a walk from Oxford to Appleton in Berkshire, May, 1908.

OXFORD

*Ad Antiquarium* : P. 146.

This is Wood's disinterested helper, John Aubrey, F. R. S., 1626-1697. Never was a truer lover of what he calls "that most ingeniose Place!"

*Martyrs' Memorial* : P. 147.

The only monument in the streets of Oxford was put up by the local Low Church party in 1841, not really so much to commemorate Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, all Cambridge men, as to register a protest against Hurrell Froude (then dead), Newman, and Keble, who all showed frank disrespect to the heroes of the Reformation in England. The reference in the sestet is of course to Cardinal Newman, and was written barely a month before his rather sudden death on August 11, 1890.

*Tom* : P. 149.

The College is a century and a half older than the upper part of its chief entrance gate, and the once monastic bell is much older than either. "The Tom Tower [was] finished in November, 1682. In this was hung the bell called Great Tom of Christ Church, which had originally belonged to Osney Abbey. . . From that time to this, it has rung its one hundred and one strokes every night at nine, as a signal that all students should be within their College walls. It need hardly be said that the signal is not obeyed!"

J. WELLS, M. A., 1901. *Oxford and its Colleges*: Christ Church, pp. 205-206.

*The Old Dial of Corpus* : P. 153.

The great Dial in the quadrangle of Corpus Christi College was not put up until 1605, — too late to have been contemporary with either Erasmus or Pole. The author discovered the error several years ago, but has never known how to correct it except by this caution. "Osney Bell" is Great Tom (see just above): Christ Church being next neighbour to Corpus; but Tom may or may not have been in place and condition to ring for curfew in the second year of Queen Elizabeth's reign. The closing line is

meant to refer to the motto of the University, *Dominus illuminatio mea*, taken from the opening of Psalm xxvii.

*Undertones at Magdalen* : P. 156.

"The priestless Pulpit" was an accurate description when this sonnet was written (1895), though it is so no longer. From the open-air Pulpit of Magdalen, disused since the Reformation, a Sermon is once again delivered annually on St. John Baptist's Day.

LONDON

*St. Peter-ad-Vincula* : P. 161.

St. Peter-ad-Vincula is the ancient and sadly appropriate dedication of the Church near the Beauchamp Tower and the site of the scaffold. The vaults are under the chancel.

*York Stairs* : P. 169.

Inigo Jones' Water Gate, standing on the Embankment at the foot of Villiers Street, Strand, now a long way from the river, is still called York Stairs. It is the sole surviving appanage of the great town-house of the seventeenth-century Dukes of Buckingham.

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